

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

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EIGHTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1892.

NUMBER 28.

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AN ENEMY IN CAMP.

IS UREY WOODSON, CHAIRMAN OF THE 2D DISTRICT CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE,

Interested in the Scheme to Start a Republican Newspaper?

Yesterday afternoon, just as the last rays of the setting sun gilded the face of the Court-house clock, and the shadow of the hour hand fell on the figure VI, two gentlemen crossed over from the Planter's House corner, and proceeded stealthily along South Court square towards St. Ann street. One was a small person, with a superabundance of hair and a peculiar ambling gait, that we often see affected by those who love the night time. The other was a gentleman of more Corbett-like proportions, and seemed, from his occasional gesticulations, evidently of remonstrance, to be averse to some deep-laid scheme which was being nurtured by his companion. Arriving at the corner of Third and St. Ann streets, the pair cast furtive glances around for a second, then hurriedly entered the door of a small frame building, occupied as a printing office, by the Rural Home Journal, of which Mr. R. Benson is the editor.

The smaller of the two persons was Mr. Urey Woodson, editor of the Owensboro Messenger, member of the State Executive committee, Chairman of the Second District Democratic committee and State Railroad commissioner. The other was Mr. George E. Bridges, business manager of the Messenger. Shortly after entering the office of the Home Journal, Mr. Bridges retired, and Mr. Woodson stated to Mr. Benson the object of his visit.

He began by saying that certain parties were going to start a Republican newspaper in Owensboro, to be run until after the election in the interest of Dr. Kimbley, the Republican candidate for Congress. That being the editor of a Democratic paper he (Woodson) didn't care to have the Republican paper issued from his office, but, as he (Benson) was from the North, that perhaps he was a Republican, and wouldn't object to arranging for its publication. He told Benson that if he didn't want to edit, that there were plenty of "fine writers" ready to do that, and that he (Benson) could act as business manager.

Mr. Benson, who don't require a telescope to see small objects, respectfully declined to entertain the proposition, assigning the very substantial reason that such work was not congenial to his taste, and that his journalistic duties were, by preference, of a non-partisan character, and that he needed all of his office room for the publication of his own journal.

Mr. Woodson then left the office, and the Inquirer bird came down from his perch on the top of a transom, and fell to wondering how such things could be.

As a mere news item the above might prove unimportant; but viewed in the light of many recent events, it is most significant. The Inquirer made no bones before the Congressional nomination, in charging the Owensboro Messenger with being secretly hostile to Mr. Ellis, while avowing loyal friendship for him. Even since the nomination, the friends of Mr. Ellis have found cause to share The Inquirer's views. To all it has been patent that some change had come over the spirit and the letter of the Messenger's dream, and this item is by no means the first time that the subject of traitorism in the Democratic camp has been coupled with that of the Messenger and its editor.

Why is Mr. Woodson, the Chairman of the District Democratic committee, discovered interesting himself in establishing a Republican paper to be run in the interest of a Republican opponent of Mr. Ellis, the Democratic nominee? By what means has he become so thoroughly advised as to the details of the scheme? How is he prepared to secure Mr. Benson the position if he would accept it, so as to relieve Mr. Woodson's office of the sponsorship?

Is not Mr. Woodson's connection with the scheme reprehensible in any light? Are loyal Democrats to be found secretly supplying the editor's department of the enemy's camp? Is there any occasion for Mr. Woodson to be secretly interested in perfecting the details of the publication of a Republican paper to be run in the interest of the Republican nominees until after the election?

Besides, Mr. Benson's mechanical facilities already necessitate his printing the Rural Home Journal on the Messenger press, and the reasons which prompted Mr. Woodson to seek his assistance could not be assigned to purely business expediency. Mr. Benson is a dignified, reserved and able journalist, but of limited acquaintance in Owensboro. He is an assiduous worker, and possesses both editorial and business tact. He would prove a valuable man for Mr. Woodson's purpose, save for his repugnance to any sort of underhanded methods.

The Messenger has been strenuous in its assertions of the danger that menaced the Democratic ticket in the Second district through Dr. Kimbley's candidacy. It has in so many words averred that a full Republican vote for Dr. Kimbley would at this time insure his election. It is this which makes the presence of Mr. Woodson, Chairman of the Second District Democratic committee, in the enemy's camp, anomalous, to say the least of it.

The above information will serve to confirm an already prevalent opinion that much of the disaster that has heretofore overtaken the Democratic party in the county of Davies has been due to the self-assumed leadership of Mr. Woodson. For many years Davies county stood as the Gibraltar of Democracy in Western Kentucky. It has only been in recent years, when her old time Democrats and sturdy yeomanry, who have fought the good fight in times past, have seen their interests adversely purloined, that the event of Democratic defeat became possible. It seems that there is a traitor in the Democratic camp—Owensboro-Inquirer.

A Lucky Youth and His Fortune.

A quiet wedding at St. Luke's church, San Francisco, Cal., last week disposed of the pretty young heiress, Florence Blythe, and of her fortune of something over \$40,000,000. The groom was Fritz G. Henckley, a young insurance man of that city.

There was a spice of romance about the affair. Florence is not of age. Her guardian and grandmother, Mrs. Perry, opposed the match, and secrecy was observed to avoid a scene. The couple at once left for Southern California to spend their honeymoon. Florence Blythe got possession of the estate left by her bachelor father, Thomas H. Blythe, after a sensational contest of nearly two years, defeating full 100 other claimants. Her mother was a poor shop-keeper's daughter, whom the reprobate old millionaire met in London.

A Sporting Parson.

Rev. J. W. Arney, of Detroit, Mich., who made a reputation because he rode horses during the week and preached rattling good sermons on Sundays, and who was thrown out of the Methodist church for it, is going back to the pulpit, he, however, will race the season out, having won six first prizes in the Greenville meet and lowered Guarantee's record to 2:20. Last week he did Montie Patchen and Tillie S. to Manistee parties for \$1,200 each, with permission to fill out the season with them. He leaves the track and sulky in two weeks, just in time to ask Conference for a pulpit.

Two Babies With One Body.

In the little town of Aspen, Colorado, last week there were born to the wife of John Hughes a second edition of the Siamese twins, differing only in the manner in which they were joined together, these being face to face. The children are two well-formed boys, weighing sixteen pounds, with well-developed heads, arms and legs, but with one body. The mother is 23 years of age and weighs but 100 pounds. She has been married four years and has one child. The freak has caused a great amount of interest among the medical fraternity.

Louisville Suspects Accited.

The examining trial of Vincent Spangler and Mrs. Cole was held Thursday week in Louisville, and resulted in their acquittal. The accused were charged with poisoning Mrs. Austin and Mrs. Eberlill, the two women who died so mysteriously a few weeks ago. It was shown by the evidence of the chemist that the women had died from poison, but the prosecution failed to present any evidence directly connecting the prisoners with the crime.

READ The date just after your name, on the margin of this paper, and if in arrears, send us \$1 at once to renew, otherwise your name will be dropped from the list. All who are in arrears on the first day of October must be dropped in self-defense.

Wickedness of the Force Bill.

Republican journals, with violence of temper, denounce the Democratic candidate for Vice President for speaking against the doctrine of the Force bill in the Southern States. They say that Mr. Stevenson goes "hawling" through the South. They complain because he declares that the Force bill means "carpet-bag domination and misrule," and that it is "totally destructive of local government," "a daring attempt to weaken the power of the people," "a monstrous measure, devised in the spirit of hate," etc. The Force bill is all this.

Mr. Stevenson's picture of it is a true one. The Republican leaders themselves know it is not overdrawn. The purpose of the projectors of the Force bill in the Fifty-first Congress was to annul local control of the elections, and give Federal officials, supported by military force, charge of the ballot-boxes and voting.

The plea that the bill was an innocent measure is childish. The most puerile defense of it we have seen is in the words of a Republican contemporary following: "What was the so-called Force bill which Mr. Stevenson characterizes in such savage terms? Briefly, it provided that when a certain number of voters in any Congressional district should formally represent that a free ballot was denied by the local authorities, and a fair election was possible only under Federal supervision, their petition for Federal control of the election machinery would be granted. It did not propose to interfere with State or purely local elections, but related solely to elections in which the entire country is directly interested."

What a proposition! A fair election "only possible under Federal supervision." The purpose of the bill was, first, to carry on fraudulent elections, and, second, to engraft a doctrine subversive to our successful system of government. There is no such thing as a Federal election, and there is no constitutional warrant for the Government of the United States taking charge of the election of Representatives in Congress or Electors of President and Vice President.

Mr. Lodge, the author of the Force bill as it passed the House, is notoriously an extreme Hamiltonian. He is in favor of the enlargement and assertion of Federal power. He believes the States should be actually subordinate to the Federal Government. He goes much further than those who admit that the relations between the States and the General Government have been changed by the results of the civil war. He wants the States completely subordinated, and that was the spirit in which he introduced his bill.

Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, who was the champion of the bill in the Senate, is another centralizer. Both Mr. Hoar and Mr. Lodge were working on lines laid down by Mr. Harrison, and they went to such extremes as to offend not only Democrats, but to displease a great many people in the Republican party.

Hence the President's "hedging" in his letter of acceptance.

A Republican Congress, however, means the passage of another Force bill, and if this unfortunate situation should present itself, and Mr. Harrison should be re-elected to the Presidential office, the Force bill will become a law.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Found Under a Huge Tree.

R. Lunceford, a son-in-law of George F. Chapman, of Louis, Ky., was murdered and \$500 taken from his person. Mr. Lunceford was on his way home, and it is supposed that he was assassinated near a huge tree where his mutilated body was found by neighbors. He was shot twice—through the heart and in the neck. Several parties have been arrested, but all were found innocent and discharged. The murderer will be roughly dealt with if he is caught.

Hazel Green Herald.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : KY.

EATING ORANGES.

A Young Man should Never Do It in the Presence of a Devil.

A young lady said that she hated oranges because one had come between her and her lover. He had called on her one evening, and, after sitting awhile, had produced a couple of bright Florida oranges out of his pocket and suggested that each eat one. She now says that she can not drive out of her mind the sight of his nose, cheeks and chin dripping with juice, and he has been whispering something horribly similar about her. Evidently you can not love a girl and a citrus aurantium at the same time.

One of the best remedies for an orange—a sort of whipping the devil around a stump—is to use a spoon. The directions advise you to cut the orange carefully into halves, taking care to do so across the grain, so that a spoon can slip in readily.

A gentleman who has lived for years in the American countries in which the orange grows, is waging a war against the slovenly manner of cutting the orange up and serving it on the table. In such a case he recommends that a very sharp knife, one as keen as a razor, be used, and the fruit cut into slices infinitesimally thin, and built, layer above layer, with pulverized sugar. Since the spoon has been the cause of modern dinner civilization almost a fork is used to eat it with. In southern Europe the peasants always eat fruit in its natural shape, and never think of treating it to the sugar, salt, or other seasoning. Around Naples and in Malaga the people bite a hole in the orange, suck out the juice and throw the orange away. South American people often do the same, but, of course the American must try his hardest at improving nature, so he puts a lump of sugar in it. An orange plumper thinks such a thing desecration.

On board ship a unique way is always a popular way to eat oranges. There they take an orange, and, with a very sharp knife, cut off a slice of skin across the top. This is placed below the orange and a fork is used to position. Holding the orange with the left hand, the knife cuts down the peeling, which indifferently falls off or hangs down. Then the same knife cuts the juicy meat thus left exposed into small portions, which are conveyed on the point of the blade to the mouth—one of the cases on record where the knife enters the mouth by common consent of the fashionable world. The small quantity of juice that flows out falls into the false bottom of the orange, and thus the hand is protected. The orange never eats better than in this way, and it is also, as may be observed, freed from all untidiness.

The trick with the orange called the "sea sick passenger" is played the first thing on the voyager whose stomach is suspected of uncertainty. The eyes, nose and mouth are cut, and on the side of the orange the eyes and nose being made by a slight removal of the skin, while the mouth is a deep incision. The orange is then put on top of a strong trunk, and, pressing on the edge is rolled about to imitate the rolling of a vessel. The juice is thus forced out of the mouth incision and a very miserable passenger portrayed. If this light doesn't at the same time force a good many people to leave the cabin hurriedly the result is considered to be very disappointing. —Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A JUGGLER'S TRICK.

He Pretends to Kill a Man and Deceives All His Spectators.

The wonderful feats of East Indian jugglers have formed the theme of many a letter from travelers in the Orient, but none are more surprising than that for which an old sea dog was once famous. He was an officer on board the P. and O. steamers, two natives came aboard at Madras, he says. They were a juggler and his assistant. After they had performed a number of minor feats and gathered quite a crowd around them, they called for a sack and a piece of sail cloth.

These having been provided, the chief juggler, made a small tent-like structure with canvas and some stools. He then placed his assistant in the sack and allowed a sailor to tie the knot which bound him a fast prisoner. This done the chief juggler, the sack into an open space, warning the people to stand back some distance, and then carried on an animated conversation with his assistant, whose replies could be distinctly heard coming from the sack. Suddenly the chief rushed forward, picked up the sack and dumped it overboard, where, to the horror of the passengers and crew, it sank out of sight.

Immediately the captain rushed forward and seized the man, under the full belief that he had murdered his companion, but, to his surprise, he only found, and, pointing to the canvas, said that it be raised. This was done, and the supposed drowned man was discovered floating on the deck. So realistic had been the throwing of the sack, however, that it was some time before the surprised passengers could realize that a murder had not been committed.—San Francisco Call.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Rags and Hunger the Wages Paid by Satan.

The Hounds of Hell Start After All Who Refuse to Accept His Offers of Their Services.

The sermon selected for publication this week is from the text, Luke xv, 18: "I will arise and go to my father."

There is nothing like hunger to take the energy out of a man. A hungry man can toil neither with pen, nor hand, nor foot. There has been many an army defeated not so much for lack of ammunition as for lack of bread. It was that fact that took the fire out of this young man of the text. Storm and exposure will wear out any man's life in time, but hunger makes quick work. The most awful cry ever heard on earth was the cry for bread.

A traveler tells us that in Asia Minor there are trees which bear fruit very much like that of our country. It is the carab tree. Once in a while the people, reduced to destitution, would eat these carabs, but generally these carabs, the beans spoken of here in the text, are treacherous to the human stomach, and they crushed them with great avidity. But this young man of my text could not get even them without stealing them. So one day, amid the rain and darkness, he went to a quize. He says: "These are no clothes for a rich man's son to wear; this is no kind of business for a Jew to be engaged in—feeding swine. I'll go home; I'll go home. I will arise and go to my father."

I know there are a great many people who try to throw a fascination, a romance, halo about sin, but, notwithstanding all that, I feel that Byron and George Sand have said in regard to it, it is mean, low, contemptible business, and putting food and fodder into the troughs of a herd of iniquities that root poor business for men and women inclined to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. And when this young man resolved to go home, it was a very wise thing for him to do, and the only question is whether we will follow him.

Satan promises large wages if we will serve him; but he clothes his victims in rags, and he pinches them with hunger, and when they start out to do better he sets after them all the blood-hounds of hell. Satan comes to us today and he promises all luxuries, all pleasures, but we will only serve him. Let down the ladder, the ladder of the wages of sin is death. Oh! the young man of the text was wise when he uttered the resolution: "I will arise and go to my father."

In the text, Queen Mary of England a persecutor came to a Christian woman who had hidden in her house for the Lord's sake one of Christ's servants, and the persecutor said: "Where is that heretic?" The Christian woman said: "You open that trunk and you will see the heretic." The persecutor opened the trunk, and on the top of the line of the trunk he saw a glass. He said: "That is the heretic." "Ah," she said, "you look in the glass and you will see the heretic!" As I take up the mirror of God's word today, I would that instead of seeing the prodigal of the text, I might see a man who would want, our wandering, our sin, our lost condition, so that we might be as wise as this young man was and say: "I will arise and go to my father."

Let the text of the text be formed in disgust at his present circumstances. If this young man had been by his employer set to cultivating flowers, or training vines over an arbor, or keeping accounts of the pork market, or overseeing other laborers, he would not have thought of going home. If he had been his pockets full of money, if he had been able to say, "I have a thousand dollars on my account, why should I ever go of going back to my father's house?" Do you think I am going back to apologize to the old man? Why, he would say: "That is the heretic." "Ah," she said, "you look in the glass and you will see the heretic!" As I take up the mirror of God's word today, I would that instead of seeing the prodigal of the text, I might see a man who would want, our wandering, our sin, our lost condition, so that we might be as wise as this young man was and say: "I will arise and go to my father."

Some men come and say to me: "Why do you say about the ruined state of the human soul? Why don't you speak about the progress of the nineteenth century, and the use of something more exhilarating?" It is for this reason, a man never reads the Gospel until he realizes he is in a famine-struck state. Suppose I should come to you in your home, and you should be robust, healthy, and I should be a weakling, a wretched creature, how much better this medicine is than that, and some other medicine than some other medicine, and talk to this physician and that physician. A man who is well would get tired, and you would say: "I don't want to hear about medicines. Why do you talk to me of physicians? I never have been sick. Suppose I come into your house and I find you severely sick, and I know the medicines that will cure you, and I know the physician who is skillful enough to meet your case. You say that all the physicians, bring on that physician, I am terribly sick and I want help. If I come to you and you feel you are all right in body, and all right in mind, and all right in soul, you have need of nothing;

but suppose that I have persuaded you that the leprosy of sin is upon you, the worst of all sicknesses. Oh! then you say: 'Bring me that balm of the Gospel, bring me that Divine medicine; bring me Jesus Christ!'

But, says some one in the audience: "How do you prove that we are in a ruined condition by sin?" Well, I can prove it in two ways, and you may have your choice, either by the statement of your statements, or by the statement of God. Which shall it be? You all say: "Let us have the statement of the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." He says in another place: "What is man that he should be clean, and he which is born of a woman that doeth good; no, not one." He says in another place: "As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."

"Well," you say, "I am willing to acknowledge that, but why should I take the particular rescue that you propose?" This is the reason: "Except a man be born again, he cannot enter the kingdom of God." This is the reason: "There is one name given under Heaven among men whereby they may be saved." And there are a thousand voices here ready to say: "We have a strong and precious help of the Gospel; I would like to have this Divine cure; how shall I go to work?" Let me say that a mere whim, an undefined longing, amounts to nothing. You must have a strong, tremendous resolution like this young man of the text when he said: "I will arise and go to my father."

"Oh," says someone, "how do I know my father wants me? He does not know if I go back, I would be received." "Oh," says some man, "you don't know how I have been; you don't know how far I have wandered; you wouldn't talk that way to a man who knows the inquiries I have committed." What child that flatters among the angels of God! It is news, it is news! Christ has found the lost.

Now saints can't they go to him. But kindled with new fire. The slumber loss, is found, they sing.

When Napoleon talked of going into Italy, they said: "You can't get there; if you knew what the Alps were you wouldn't talk about it." He said: "I will go." You must have a strong, tremendous resolution like this young man of the text when he said: "I will arise and go to my father." The trouble in 1999 times out of a thousand is that our resolutions amount to nothing, because we are too weak to stand up to them. I resolve to become a Christian next year, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve to become a Christian tomorrow, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve to become a Christian today, that amounts to nothing at all. The only kind of resolution that amounts to anything is the resolution that is immediately put into action. This is a man who had the typhoid fever. He said: "Oh! if I could get over this terrible distress; if this fever would depart, if I could be restored to health, I would all the rest of my life be a man who would yield my heart to God, that amount to nothing at all." The only kind of resolution that amounts to anything is the resolution that is immediately put into action. This is a man who had the typhoid fever. He said: "Oh! if I could get over this terrible distress; if this fever would depart, if I could be restored to health, I would all the rest of my life be a man who would yield my heart to God, that amount to nothing at all." The only kind of resolution that amounts to anything is the resolution that is immediately put into action. This is a man who had the typhoid fever. He said: "Oh! if I could get over this terrible distress; if this fever would depart, if I could be restored to health, I would all the rest of my life be a man who would yield my heart to God, that amount to nothing at all." 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HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER. - - - Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.:
FRIDAY, : Sept. 30, 1892.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For President:
GROVER CLEVELAND,
Of New York.

For Vice President:
ADLAI E. STEVENSON,
Of Illinois.

For Congress—10th District,
JUDGE M. C. LISLE,
Of Clark County.

For Circuit Judge,
D. B. REDWINE,
Of Breathitt County.

COUNTY TICKET.

For Circuit Clerk,
JONAS F. VANSANT.

For Sheriff,
GEORGE W. DRAKE.

For Circuit Judge.
We are authorized to announce Judge HENRY C. LILLY as a candidate for Circuit Judge in the Twenty-third Judicial district, composed of the counties of Estill, Lee, Wolfe, Breathitt and Magoffin.

For Appellate Judge.
We are authorized to announce Judge W. H. HOLT as a candidate for re-election as Judge of the Court of Appeals at the November election, 1892.

READ The date just after your name, on the margin of this paper, and if in arrears, send us \$1 at once to renew, otherwise your name will be dropped from the list. All who are in arrears on the first day of October must be dropped in self-defense.

SOME time ago, in speaking of the announcement of Judge Lilly as a candidate for re-election, we used the expression, "his record is in his favor but his politics against him." Since that time we have taken some pains to get at the facts in the case, and the result is that his record is even worse than his politics. That Hon. D. B. Redwine will defeat Mr. Lilly in this Judicial district is now a foregone conclusion, for the people will no longer stand the wanton waste of Judge Lilly's administration. The facts we present are indisputable, and every taxpayer, he ever so partisan in his politics, can see at a glance that the profligacy of Judge Lilly's policy if persisted in would soon make paupers of us indeed. Mr. Redwine is a pure man in his morals, never drinks, and is at all times clear-headed. He is a young man of legal ability and sufficient ambition to spur him on to make us a good judge, and there is every reason to believe that in a given time he would dispose of three times as many cases as would Judge Lilly. But the charge has been made that Mr. Redwine is a young man. True enough, and it is to the interest of the good people of the district that he is, for he will at all times be wide awake. All people of common sense know that a well-matured young man is far more capable than the gray-haired man who has spent his best days in dissipation, be that dissipation ever so slight of degree. Then, again, as to the legal ability of the two. Lawyers of unbiased views tell us that Mr. Redwine is the peer of the presiding judge in legal lore, and when it comes to expedition can give our gray-haired friend points and beat him. In proof of this they cite the fact that out of 600 cases tried before Mr. Redwine, as special judge of the Breathitt Circuit court not one has been reversed. In the same breath they hold up to view Con Cable's case in this county, only recently reversed, and name other notorious instances of Judge Lilly's incompetency. Now, as to Judge Lilly's ability to dispose of a docket, we submit a few facts that will show him to be a back number and not "in it" when expedition is a consideration. When Judge Lilly came into office but 84 Commonwealth cases appeared on the Wolfe Circuit Court docket but today it is encumbered with 357 cases, and this, too, notwithstanding the fact that the Common Pleas court relieved him of the cognizance of civil

cases. While we are not yet done with Judge Lilly's record and recency in office, we will content ourselves for the present with submitting the following extract from Gov. Brown's message, which we commend to the careful consideration of the voters in this Circuit Court district. Read it and reflect:

There is an amazing difference, that has existed for years, and is yet sustained, in the expenses incurred in the several Judicial districts of the State for criminal prosecutions. In the Second Judicial district, Judge Grace presiding, the amount paid by the State therein for such prosecutions in 1891 was \$7,017.21; in the Eleventh district, Judge Monfort presiding, amount paid \$4,133.32; in the Twelfth district, Judge Arthur presiding, amount paid \$6,576.03; in the Fourteenth district, Judge Cole presiding, \$4,887.00; * * * and in the Nineteenth district, Judge Lilly presiding, \$16,628.37. The attention of the General Assembly is invited to a consideration of the sharp contrasts appearing in these expenses, and to an investigation of the causes thereof, with the hope expressed that some remedy may be found to curtail evident extravagance.

In round numbers it cost \$8,000 more for criminal prosecutions in our district than in any other one cited, and this of itself should convince all friends of economic government that the election of Judge Lilly again is an expensive luxury that we would do well to eliminate from our Judicial bill of fare, and we'll do it.

WITH this issue appears the announcement of Judge W. H. Holt for re-election as Judge of the Court of Appeals at the November election, 1892. Judge Holt is too well known to the people of this section to need an introduction from us, so we dispense with that formality. That Judge Holt is a Republican in his politics is also well known, though his announcement does not mention the fact, and it is evident that he hopes to get Democratic votes to enable him to reach his election. We announce him simply in a business way, and have nothing to say to who shall, or shall not, vote for him. This, however, we can say in justice to the man. He is morally and intellectually the peer of any man, learned in law, just as a jurist, and numbers in his list of personal friends many good Democrats. But, whether they will support him remains to be seen. Democrats seldom scratch.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—Washington by its hospitable reception and entertainment of the members of the G. A. R. and the friends and relatives who accompanied them to the successful National encampment just closed, went out \$30,000 advertisements, in the persons of the delighted visitors, whose talk will forever put an end to the supposition which has been forward in some quarters that the citizens of the National capital were selfish, inhospitable and lacking in public spirit, and that the city can not take care of a big crowd. The encampment was in every respect the greatest ever held by the G. A. R. As to the treatment accorded to the old soldiers and those who came to see the largest parade since the disbandment of the army at the close of the war, let them speak when they return to their homes.

It is only by sitting or standing for more than seven hours, as nearly half a million did, to see this memorable parade pass, that a real conception can be obtained of what a parade of 80,000 men means. Those who went to see the parade under the impression that in an hour or so it would grow monotonous and tiresome, remained to the end, and not a few of them were ex-Confederates from the adjoining States of Maryland and Virginia. No man or woman could think what these 80,000 men represented without feeling interested. Bystanders were constantly pointing out some man in the parade whose name was widely known; ex-President Hayes marched on foot with the Ohio post to which he belongs; C. J. Jones, of "he pays the freight" fame, rode at the head of the famous 6th Massachusetts regiment of which he was Colonel; and B. F. Butler rode in a carriage in the center of the Massachusetts post named in his honor, and so it was all through, the interest never flagged.

It is creditable to all concerned that politics have been kept out of the G. A. R. encampment. It is not meant by this statement that no politics have been privately talked; that would be too much to expect in the midst of a Presidential campaign, but that politics have been kept out of all the reunions and other meetings held in connection with the encampment and that just as much honor has been accorded to Gen. Rosecrans—"Old Rosy," the veterans call him—a staunch Democrat, as to any of the Republican members of the organization, while Gen. Butler, who says he has not been for years in accord with any politi-

cal party, also received his full share of attention.

By no means the least pleasing feature of the monster parade, which will be talked about for years to come by all who participated in or saw it, was the singing of 1,000 school children who were seated on a large stand at the mouth end of the treasury building, dressed in red, white and blue, and so arranged as to present at a distance the appearance of a mammoth American flag. It was a pleasure to see the faces of the veterans as they marched past, while the children sang with spirit the old favorite war songs and a song of welcome composed for the occasion. Gen. Schofield, the present Commander of the United States army, was so well pleased with the singing of the little ones, that after he reached the end of the line of parade he came back and occupied a seat in their midst until the end of the parade, and he joined right heartily in the choruses.

Those who anticipated higher prices for provisions during the encampment were most agreeably surprised, for by middle of the week prices of everything, except poultry and eggs, were a little lower than they had been a week before.

Washington not only entertained its well visitors, but it took the best of care of those who were so unfortunate as to get sick while here, the citizens committee having had placed at its disposal before the visitors came a complete hospital fitted with all the most modern appliances for the treatment of emergency cases, a half dozen ambulances, and a full complement of volunteer physicians and nurses.

President and Mrs. Harrison are again in the White House, having returned to Washington from Loon Lake on Wednesday. And a most sorrowful homecoming it was, too. Mrs. Harrison was taken from the special car in which she had made the trip on her bed, which was carried to the White House in an army ambulance, she being too weak to sit up at all. When she left Washington she was able to walk and to hand her carriage supported by Mr. Harrison and her physician. That tells the whole story of her present condition. Since returning Mr. Harrison has spent most of his time by her bedside, and the look of anguish upon his face and upon those of the other members of the family tells all too plainly the fear they feel that the invalid has come home to die.

MORGAN COUNTY.

Real Evolutions.
Born, on the 21st, to the wife of Dr. George Bolin, a girl.

Hugh Blankenship returned last week from the asylum much improved. Dock Hicks is in town with a talking machine on his way to the Hazel Green fair.

Samuel E. Bayes was kicked on the back by a horse last Saturday evening. It came near proving fatal.

The lodge at this place commenced last Saturday to make Masons of J. C. Couch and O. H. Downing.

Charles W. Russell, the Republican nominee for Congress in this district, was in this week sparking the Third party.

How this world do move. Maud S. has got her trotters knocked; Sullivan got his popularity busted; the Republican party is pining away; the Peoples party in trying to stretch over the United States has broke its pucker string and collapsed, and the editor of the Morgan Messenger poketh his nose away down into the political dust and just blows and blows and tries to cover up our nominee for Congress with backbitings and discouragement, on account of which I submit the following for his scrap-book:

I'm acquainted with a man
Who runs a local paper,
He has dropped his politics
And tries to cut a caper.

They say he is a Democrat,
In fact he told me so,
But he is not the kind I am
I want to tell you No.

He does not rightly represent
This Democratic section,
We'll vote for Lisle, the nominee,
At November's great election.

It is our only county paper,
And ought to be our organ,
But lacketh strength about its knees
For the Democrats of Morgan.

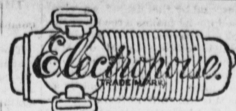
He flouts about the money
Of Clark County's gifted son,
But the treble seems to be
That he was getting none.

I mean that Lisle, the nominee,
His paper did not patronize,
And this is what makes "Caraway"
Cold water spout and agonize.

But we hope he'll be all right
When the time to vote rolls 'round,
And never let his politics
Again be thought unsound.

Sept. 26.

BLURT.



Cures all DISEASES by causing the body to absorb OXYGEN. It is a home treatment. No shock, no danger. No medicine or doctor needed. Write to us for circulars and testimonials from the best people all over the country.

DuBOIS & WEBB,

4th and Jefferson streets, Louisville, Ky.



It Cures Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in its early stages, and sure relief in advanced stages. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by druggists everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

JACKSON Collegiate Institute.

OPENS SEPT. 6, 1892.
Large Brick Building. Seven Teachers.
New Three-story Boarding Hall.
Latin, Greek, German, &c.
Complete Normal Course. All Common Branches. Catalogues free.
PROF. GOFF, Jackson, Ky.

I. DINGFELDER, WITH

J. M. ROBINSON & CO.,

Importers and Jobbers of

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS,

Nos. 537, 539 and 541—

—West Main Street,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

DAILY HACK LINE!

BETWEEN

Rothwell and Hazel Green.

Hack leaves Rothwell every morning (Sunday excepted) at 8:20, and arrives at Hazel Green at 9:10 P. M. Leaves Hazel Green every morning (Sunday excepted) at 6:00, arriving at Rothwell at 2:40 P. M., and connecting with the K. & S. A. train for Mt. Sterling. There the K. & S. A. connects with train for Lexington, Frankfort and Louisville, parties can get to the above places the same day they leave Hazel Green.

FARE, Each Way, \$2.

Ladies and children traveling without escort will be kindly cared for. We have old experienced drivers.

Yours respectfully,
JULIUS F. TABOR & DEBUSK.

Fashionable Dressmaking.

I am now prepared to cut, fit and make dresses and other garments in the latest style. Satisfaction guaranteed and prices reasonable. Also, teach the art of cutting and fitting by chart. Respectfully,
MRS. F. N. DAY.

DR. J. F. LOCKHART,

DENTIST.

—EEL, KY.

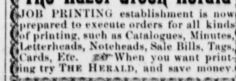
AMOS DAVIS, WEST LIBERTY, KY.,

WITH

BETTMAN BROS. & CO.,

Manufacturers of: of Clothing.

96 W. PEARL ST., CINCINNATI.



PRINTING establishment is now prepared to execute orders for all kinds of printing such as Catalogues, Minutes, Letterheads, Noteheads, Sales Bills, Tags, Cards, Etc. 20¢ When you want printing try THE HERALD, and save money.

WANTED Agents and newshaws to sell the great illustrated Pennsylvania Grit. Good live boys make from 50 cents to \$5 every Saturday. Send for sample copy and full particulars to GIFF PUBLISHING COMPANY, Williamsport, Pa.

Job printing cheap at this office.



WATCHES, DIAMONDS, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, Solid Silver AND Optical Goods.
COMPETENT AND SKILLED EMPLOYEES IN OUR VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS.

TRIMBLE BROS.,

WHOLESALE

GROCERS,

MT. STERLING, KY.

Consignments of produce and the patronage of Mountain Merchants respectfully solicited. J. L. J.

THE WINCHESTER BANK,

WINCHESTER, KY.

N. H. WITHERSPOON, President.
R. D. HUNTER, Cashier.

Paid up Capital, \$200,000.00.
Surplus, \$60,000.00.

This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking. Oct 8, 19

TRADERS DEPOSIT BANK,

MT. STERLING, KY.

CAPITAL, \$200,000. | SURPLUS, \$30,000.

J. M. BIGSTAFF, President.
G. L. KIRKPATRICK, Vice-President.
W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

We respectfully solicit the business of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky. A general banking business done. Give us a chance to send you a bank book, pay your checks, and loan you money when in need. W. W. THOMPSON, Cash.

R. S. STRADER & SON,

(Successors to J. A. LAIL & CO.)

74 E. MAIN STREET, LEXINGTON, KY.

Wholesale Dealers in

Straight Kentucky Whiskies,

Wines, Brandies, &c.

FINE OLD WHISKY A SPECIALTY.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

Agents for "Old Pugh, Old Pepper, Old Tarr and Old Taylor."

H. & G. FEDER,

"Cut Price House."

165 & 167 RACE STREET,

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

UNDERWEAR, SHAWLS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, HANKIES, STOCKINGS, and all kinds of small wares and other goods in Notion and Furnishing Goods Line.

H. & G. FEDER & CO.,

300 Church Street, New York.

Special attention to mail orders.

BEST IN QUALITY. BEST IN QUALITY.

WORMS!

WHITE'S CREAM

VERMIFUGE

FOR 20 YEARS

Has led all Worm Remedies.

EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Prepared by ROSE & DEBUSK, ST. LOUIS.

ROSE & DEBUSK,

PRACTICAL

Blacksmiths and Wagonmakers.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Blacksmithing of all kinds solicited and work promptly done. We make a specialty of building 2-horse wagons, and guarantee all work.

NOTICE—All who are indebted to the firm, or either of us for work must come and settle, and cash or satisfactory terms will be demanded for all work done hereafter. Thanking you for past patronage and soliciting a continuance of the same, we are, respectfully,
ROSE & DEBUSK.

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Has a larger circulation in Wolfe, Morgan and Breathitt than all other papers in the State, and merchants in Mt. Sterling, Winchester, Lexington, Louisville and Cincinnati will find it the most valuable through which to secure Mountain Trade.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted for less than 3 months will be 75 cents an inch for the first insertion and 25 cents an inch for each subsequent insertion.

STANDING ADVERTISEMENTS.

1 inch, 12 months.....	\$ 7.50
2 inches.....	12.50
3 inches.....	15.00
4 inches.....	18.75
5 inches.....	22.00
6 inches.....	25.00
Liberal rates on larger advertisements made known on application.	
Local notices to be interspersed among reading matter, 10 cents a line, with a discount of 25 per cent. where they run a day or more.	
Obituaries, tributes of respect, etc., 3c. a line. Count six words to the line and send money with the manuscript. We will write obituaries and publish at 5 cents a line.	
Marriage and death notices, not exceeding ten lines, solicited and published FREE.	
BILLS FOR REGULAR ADVERTISING PAYABLE QUARTERLY ON DEMAND.	
Address SPENCER COOPER, Hazel Green, Ky.	

Jimmie Day, of Bowen, is taking in the fair and visiting his parents.

Judge John E. Cooper was one of the distinguished visitors at our fair this week.

The fair this week presented some of the best racing that it has ever had on its program.

Hon. C. W. Russell, Republican candidate for Congress, attended our fair this week.

Charley Swango won a race Tuesday with "Sleepy Jim," a lively horse from Frankfort.

Among the visitors from Powell county, was noticed George Lisle, Sr., and George Lisle, Jr.

Mrs. J. B. Polk, of Frankfort (see Miss Sue Godsey), is visiting friends here and attending the fair.

While there has been far too much pistol-pulling at the fair this week, there has been no one hurt so far.

Judge Holt, Republican candidate for reelection to the Appellate bench, was a visitor at our fair this week.

Thos. C. Easterling, of Washington, formerly of this office, is the guest of the editor and his better half this week.

The list of premiums awarded at our fair this week will appear in next issue. It was not furnished us for this issue.

J. C. Masonheimer, representing the Blue Grass Tobacco Co. and B. R. Hyatt, with Pearson & Clark, Lexington, attended our fair.

Look at the date after your name on the margin of this paper, and if you are behind, next week bring us the dollar you owe us. We need it.

Hon. M. C. Lisle, Democratic candidate for Congress, honored our fair with his presence this week, and seems sanguine of success in his race against Mr. Russell.

We find it impossible to give a list of the guests of the Day House this week, owing to limited space, and for the same reason omit mention of very many prominent persons.

Judge Kinmer and M. M. Redwine, respective candidates for Circuit Judge and Commonwealth's Attorney, were attending our fair. They belong in Judge Cooper's old district.

Why isn't this a good thing? Dr. Fenner's Kidney and Backache Cure is warranted to give satisfaction in every case or money returned. Such a proposition couldn't be thought of if the medicine wasn't superior to all others. For sale by Rose & Jones.

Hon. D. B. Redwine, Democratic candidate for Judge in this Judicial district, was a prominent figure among the distinguished visitors at our fair this week, and politicians of both parties think he will win the race against Judge Lilly hands down, as race horse men say.

The Hazel Green fair opened Tuesday in a blaze of glory, with the celebrated colored brass band of Georgetown in the amphitheater. The first day was devoted to cattle, hogs, sheep, etc., and a trotting race, a scale race and a pony race for the afternoon entertainment. The floral ball exhibit is on a scale of splendor and awarded premiums on the first day. The second day was devoted to horse and jack stock in the forenoon and several good races in the afternoon. The premiums awarded will appear in the next issue.

WOLFE COUNTY.

Campton Currency.

On yesterday (Sunday) Mrs. C. C. Hanks and her daughter, Mrs. Kelly Fulks, drove out to John Tyler's, about a mile from town, and had only driven a few yards on their return home when their horse became frightened at the noise of the buggy running over a bridge and started to run, when they attempted to rein him against the fence. The buggy struck the fence and threw Mrs. Hanks and the little babe of Mrs. Fulks out. The buggy ran over Mrs. Hanks and bruised her up considerably, bruising her head and crushing her side very badly, possibly breaking some of her ribs. Under the treatment of Drs. Stamper and Tuttle she is getting along very nicely, and it is hoped that she will soon recover. The little babe escaped with only a little scratch on the side of the face. Mrs. Fulks held on to the buggy until the horse ran about fifty yards after Mrs. Hanks fell out, when the buggy ran over a side and struck an apple tree throwing her out and, strange to say, unhurt. Women should be more careful when driving alone.

S. S. Combs and M. H. Courtney took a pleasure trip out to the woods the other day, and after looking over some timber land for two or three hours started for home across the mountain and when they reached the top they concluded that they had missed their route and were completely lost, Mr. Combs saying that they were on Stillwater. They at last went down to the county road about a mile and a half from town and Mr. Combs still did not know where he was. Seeing the house of Robert Tyler a short distance away, Mr. Combs said to Mike: "Hold on till I go down to this house; I can find out where we are," and going down to the house called Mr. Tyler out. As Bob came out he realized where he was, and being ashamed he told him that if any one came along inquiring for him to tell him that he would be riding along toward town.

The reporter from this place being absent, and realizing the fact that some of your subscribers in the Southwest are very anxious to hear what is going on at Campton—the garden spot of earth—yes, knowing that Dave scratches the sand out of his eyes once a week to see how to read THE HERALD I thought I would give you a few items.

W. N. Allen, of the Center Lumber company, has just returned from a trip to Breathitt county. Mr. Allen is a Democrat of the first water and is going all the way to Wisconsin, his home, to vote in November. I wish our country was full of such men as Uncle Billy.

S. S. Combs has been putting some improvements to the hotel in order to make things more comfortable and pleasant. Mr. and Mrs. Combs know how and take great pains to make everybody comfortable and happy who come about them.

The two-story brick residence of Hon. Wm. L. Hurst is nearing completion, and when completed will be the finest residence in Eastern Kentucky.

M. H. Courtney, of the Center Lumber company, has just returned from Cincinnati where he had been on business.

Hon. Jonas F. Vansant, our efficient Circuit Court Clerk, has gone to Martinsburg and other points on business.

Everybody making preparations to go to the fair.

G. T. Carter returned from Clay City Saturday.

DEPUTY REPORTER.

Torment Twinkles.

W. A. Byrd left for Louisville Monday.

Geo. W. Rice visited friends at Cat Creek Sunday.

Miss Ella Mack is visiting friends in Campton this week.

Farmers are busy cutting corn and we do not see so many ties and staves coming to town.

We are sorry to learn one of our best citizens, W. A. Byrd, moved to Campton last week.

Wm. Boyd, of Berry, is visiting his brother Andy, our accommodating railroad agent, this week.

Ed Saulesberger, of this place, left Saturday to visit his parents at Morehead, and will return by way of Louisville.

Floyd Day and Frank Kash, formerly of Hazel Green, had now of Clay City, passed through Monday on their way to Hazel Green fair.

J. H. Stamper, Jr. of Campton, was in town the first of the week looking after cattle. He says he will put in two small saw mills near Campton shortly.

Frank Kash, of Clay City, is attending the fair this week and visiting his folks.

Wolfe County Teachers' Association.

The Wolfe County Teachers' association met at the school house in Campton September 17, 1892. The president not being present, the first vice president, Mr. Childers, called the meeting to order and stated its objects, etc. The following program was dispensed with:

GRAMMAR—How to teach.....Z. T. Hurst
Difficulties in teaching.....G. B. Stamper
Mistakes in teaching.....H. N. Horton
Kinds of Text Books.....H. N. Horton

Recitation.....Harst and G. B. Stamper
The committee on constitution and by-laws not being ready, on motion of A. F. Byrd were given until next meeting to report.

On motion of H. N. Horton the president and secretary were made members of the committee on program.

On motion the association adjourned to meet at Hazel Green on Saturday, October 15, 1892.

The committee on program report the following:

Invocation.....W. H. Cord
Recitation.....Mallie James
Spelling.....L. W. Taubee, S. H. Hurst and Bruce Stamper
Reading.....L. C. Graham, Mrs. Nannie Kash and J. M. Reynolds
Select Reading.....Maggie Shackelford
Arithmetic.....J. E. Childers, H. N. Horton
Grammar.....W. W. Swango, G. B. Stamper
Oration.....A. F. Byrd
Essays.....Maggie Smith, Maggie Byrd
Discussion—Affirmed that woman suffrage should be inhibited. Affirmative—J. W. Taubee and L. C. Graham; negative—J. E. Childers and G. B. Stamper.

Valedictory.....M. V. T. Adams
J. H. WILLIAMS, Secretary.

Alexander's army never so defeat. The same is true of Dr. Fenner's Golden Relief. It is warranted to relieve toothache, headache, neuralgia, or any other pain in 2 to 8 minutes. Also bruises, wounds, wire cuts, swellings, bites, burns, summer complaints, colic (also in horses), diarrhoea, dysentery and flux. If satisfaction not given money returned. For sale by Rose & Jones.

THE EVEN MORE THAN THAT.

The modern family newspaper must be more than a chronicle of passing events. Beside full and detailed accounts of the world's happenings, its columns must be replete with articles of a miscellaneous character of interest and merit. The family newspaper of today, to be a success, must produce a diversified class of matter that furnishes entertainment to all classes. All these qualifications are embodied in Pennsylvania Grit, that peer of illustrated newspapers, published at Williamsport, Pa., and whose true leader journals of this country. Agents and newsboys are wanted in every town and village in the United States, not all ready supplied, to sell Grit. Good agents and newsboys make from 50 cents to \$5 every Saturday selling and Grit. For free sample copy and full particulars, address Grit Publishing Company, Williamsport, Pa.


Steam navigation was once looked upon with doubt. So was the power of Dr. Fenner's Cough Honey to relieve any cough in one hour, until thousands of trials demonstrated the fact. Equally good for hoarseness, Grit, cough, and strength. Money refunded if satisfaction not given. For sale by Rose & Jones.

Silver Mining Not Dead.
AT HOME, WOLFE CO., KY.
September 18, 1892.

MR. SPENCER COOPER—Enclosed find One Dollar due you for THE HERALD. Hurrah for the Peoples party. I have always been a Republican. I can not see any difference in the parties at present, especially the leading ones. The Peoples party must come to the front in the near future. The silver mining business is not dead. Trusting all goes well with you, I am yours with respect,
R. P. TIMMISS.

For headaches, biliousness, constipation, dizziness, sleeplessness, the blues, scrofula, the blood and all skin eruptions Dr. Fenner's Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic never fails. Warranted to satisfy or money refunded. Could this be afforded if the Remedy wasn't certain? For sale by Rose & Jones.

Buy WATCHES, JEWELRY and SPECTACLES of me. I will furnish you honest goods as cheap as you can buy them anywhere. Respectfully,
T. F. CARR, JEWELER,
EZZEL, KENTUCKY.



SHERIFF'S SALE FOR TAXES.

By virtue of taxes due the sheriff of Wolfe county, Kentucky, for the years 1889, '90, '91 and '92, 1, or one of my deputies, will, on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1892,

between the hours of 9 o'clock A. M. and 3 o'clock P. M., be selling county debt, exposure to public sale, for cash in hand, the following real estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the following tax and cost, to-wit:

NAME.	Acres.	Dist.	Adjoins.	Years.	Amount of Tax & Cost.
Aberly, Jacob.....	500	7	Unlocated.....	1892	\$11 58
Asstle, A. J.....	140	7	W. H. Anye.....	1892	11 80
Candill, Thompson.....	73	7	W. B. Candill.....	1892	4 02
Cope, John F.....	150	7	Town lot Lee City.....	1892	14 79
Floornoy, A. B.....	700	7	Wm Ledford.....	1892	15 37
Freeman, Henry.....	50	7	Unlocated.....	1892	4 98
Gernett, Ed.....	62 1/2	7	Unlocated.....	1892	4 96
Heary, J. L.....	200	7	Leander Dunn.....	1892	3 98
Hammel, Michael.....	1000	7	Unlocated.....	1892	30 50
Johnson, A. F., Adm'r of W. Mapel's heirs.....	130	3	Jonas Campbell.....	1892	4 96
K. V. Land Co.....	3654	3	Jesse Adams.....	1892	354 00
Keystone Investment Co.....	1000	7	Unlocated.....	1892	21 03
Little, B. H.....	130	7	Unlocated.....	1892	4 98
Long, Mary A.....	130	7	Joseph Spencer.....	1892	4 98
Love, C. L.....	1000	7	Unlocated.....	1892	21 03
Maloney, W. C.....	74	5	Logan Rose.....	1892	11 11
Miller & Prewitt.....	750	4	Fielder Bush.....	1892	23 88
Pelfrey, Nathan.....	150	5	W. W. Congleton.....	1892	4 96
Prater, W. H.....	200	4	Lawrence Ponder.....	1892	4 03
Quisenberry, F. B., heirs.....	150	7	Wm Linton.....	1892	18 89
Reilly, Thomas.....	1730	4	Newton Townsend.....	1892	25 81
Roach, James.....	400	4	Unlocated.....	1892	6 89
Roach, James.....	400	4	Unlocated.....	1892	6 89
Spencer, G. B.....	30	3	B. T. Spencer.....	1892	3 54
Shumaker, D. D.....	60	7	Unlocated.....	1892	5 90
Sheehan, Michael.....	200	7	Unlocated.....	1892	30 96
Trabue, S. F. J.....	49	3	Unlocated.....	1892	3 97

* 1891-92. † 1889-90-91. ‡ Total tax.
Sept. 5, 1892.

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THE HAPPIEST TIME.

Whenever life's an hour of rhyme
And fate and my plans won't thrive,
Then I live to muse on that serene time,
The time when I was alive.

Those dear old days! Why they haunt me yet
With dreams of content and bliss,
When there wasn't a hurt I could possibly get,
Nor joy I could lose or miss.

When I let the years and the ages flee
In the most uncounted way,
And never looked in the glass to see
If my hair were growing gray.

They may prate of the wondrous things that
Are,
Which existence alone can give,
But I know that my happiest days, by far,
Were the days when I didn't live.

Nor would I compare the pleasures shown
In the present's transient glow,
With the endless rapture of those that
Were, when I was young and true.

The bliss that has never been,
What wonder that still I love to speak
Of this kingdom grand and free,
That vanished away at the first wild shriek
Of the infant known as me?

I don't care a jot how fortune flows
To the men on each side of me,
For the fellows I envy the most are those
Who have not begun to live.

Madeline S. Bridges, in Judge.

AN INNOCENT PRISONER.

How the Widow Peeler Lodged the Banks' Boarder.

THREE young ladies, exclaimed Mr. Wimple, dropping his book of fishing lies, "And all coming here? Dear me, what are you going to do with them?" "That's just what we were considering," said Miss Araminta Banks, "with engraving sweetness. If you wouldn't mind going down to the widow Peeler's just for a night or two, Mr. Wimple, and let the young ladies have your room—only as a temporary matter, of course—it would be an accommodation."

Mr. Origen Wimple was probably the most bashful young man at Spruce mountain. He was just coming out of a pasty complexion, very light-blue eyes and a scanty growth of lemon-colored down beginning to ornament his chin and upper lip. He liked seclusion and courted the solitude of woods and glen, believing himself to be a poet, although he never yet had been able to string two consecutive rhymes together, and he had come to board at Mr. Banks' farmhouse on Spruce mountain, because there was no one else there and no possibility of anyone else being admitted, as he himself accepted the only spare chamber, under the eaves of the rock, which he looked out on the balmy growth of the mountain side, and beneath which a little river roared and gurgled and beat itself into a spray of white foam against the edge of the rocks.

So that, toward the mid-prime of the golden July, when three of Miss Araminta's schoolmates wrote her a musk-scented pink note that they would arrive by mountain stage that very evening, to spend a week, there was a natural commotion at the farmhouse. For the Banks family, be it remembered, did not live on a city avenue, where one can send out and buy a folding-bedstead or a convenient cot at a moment's notice.

"What shall we do?" said Mrs. Banks. "Why, shouldn't they have let us know in time so that we could have asked them to postpone their visit a few weeks?"

"As that would be very inhospitable," said Mrs. Araminta, with the air of superiority natural to one who has been educated in boarding-school, "I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll ask Mr. Wimple to sleep a few nights down at the widow Peeler's. She has got a spare bedroom, and I'm sure he'll make no objection. He's a good-natured fellow."

"It seems like an imposition," said Mrs. Banks. "Oh, as won't mind," said Araminta. The young lady was right. Mr. Wimple was only too glad to escape, at all and any hazards, from the awful invasion of three girls from the city, who had come to the country for the summer. He did not mind Miss Araminta, for he was used to her ways, and knew that she was safely engaged to the young man who kept the general store at Spruce mountain. Besides, five miles below. And Mrs. Banks was a fat, motherly woman, who made catnip tea for his colds and got up special little dishes for his delectation, whenever he showed any signs of a failing appetite. But three young women from the city, world-three young women who would perhaps make eyes at him, ask him gushing questions, quote poetry, and demand his opinion concerning Kensington stitch and art needle-work—this vague possibility made Mr. Origen Wimple's blood run cold.

"Is the widow Peeler a young woman?" Mr. Wimple asked.

"Oh, bless your heart!" said Miss Araminta, fathoming his motives.

"She's five-and-sixty, and a little hard of hearing into the bargain. But I'm sure she'll make you very comfortable, and it will be such a favor to us."

And so, with the fall of dewy eve, Mr. Wimple packed a very small handbag, and armed with many instructions as to the finding of his way from Mr. and Mrs. Banks, set forth to the residence of the widow Peeler, which residence was said to be on a cross-road half a mile from every possible point of the compass. It rained a little, and the soft wreaths of fragrant mist were rising off the mountain-side; but Mr. Wimple, being in one of his peevish moods, heeded not these insignificant drawbacks and plodded bravely on.

The three Misses Merivale arrived, as they had given notice, by the evening stage, and they were sorely disappointed when they learned that the boarder had taken wings for, in truth, and in fact, one reason of the Misses Merivale's desire to visit their dear friend and schoolmate Araminta Banks, was that they had heard that a city young gentleman was domiciled there for the season.

"Dear me!" said Maud Merivale. "What a pity to disturb your boarder!" "I declare," sniggered Ermengarde, the second sister, "I feel quite conscience-stricken!"

"Couldn't you have put us in any corner, so as not to turn him up?" pleaded Daisy, the youngest and dimpled hyacinth of twenty-and-two summers.

"At all events," proposed Maud, "we certainly ought to go down, en masse, and apologize to him. What do you say, girls?"

"Oh, I don't think he'd like it," said Miss Araminta. "He's so dreadfully bashful!"

"Nonsense," fairly cried Ermengarde. "Do let's go!" urged Daisy. "I dot on mountain strolls! And it's such a lovely morning!" And Araminta Banks, finding herself in a decided minority, had nothing for it but to obey the voice of popular female opinion.

"I hope he'll go out fishing," she said to herself, with some natural vindictive accents, "the dearest piece of hand-bagging I ever saw." Those Merivale girls rarely do show their cards a little too plainly.

And what, all this time, had been the adventures of Mr. Origen Wimple? He had succeeded last time in finding the packed-roof farmhouse at which, "alone and without any other company," as old Chaucer sings, the widow Peeler dwelt.

Mrs. Peeler was sitting by the light of one solitary candle, with her cat-skin-booted feet carefully balanced on the stove hearth, reading the "horrible accidents" and "remarkable occurrences" in the weekly paper, and was deeply interested, just when Mr. Wimple's knock sounded, in an account of a bold and daring bank burglary, which had been recently perpetrated in the nearest city.

"The villain who committed this diabolical crime is supposed to be in hiding in or near Spruce mountain," she said to herself, with a shiver and an occasional mispronunciation of the big words, "but will soon be swooped down upon by the majesty of an offended law."

"Oh! What! Didn't I hear some one knock at the door?"

And, providing herself with a poker, she ventured to unbolts the door with some caution. There stood a pale young man with a satinel. A most unexpected vision; for the traveling peddler, who had been intrusted with a note to her

from Mrs. Banks, had forgotten all about it and gone placidly by, with the half-sheet of paper at the bottom of his pockets.

The widow Peeler grew pale, remembering that the dangerous paragraphs she had so lately been perusing. The bag was small, but there was nothing to hinder its containing dynamite; the gun case and fishing poles, for all she knew, might be deadly instruments of destruction.

"Who be you?" demanded the widow. "I am the Banks' boarder," explained Mr. Wimple, in an insinuating manner as possible. "Will you kindly give me refuge for—"

"Refuge?" screamed the widow. "The bank burglar! Well, if ever I saw such hardened impudence in all my life!"

And with an energy and strength which afterward seemed, as she told Mrs. Deacon Glasscy, positively superhuman, she seized him by the collar, dragged him into the little back room, where the seed corn was being piled up, and succeeded in locking and bolting the door upon him before he had gathered presence of mind enough to remonstrate or resist.

"The window is nailed up," said Mrs. Peeler, piling all the heavy furniture against the door, "and I'll go to Sarah Jennings and send her husband off for the constables at once."

But Mr. Jennings was in bed with rheumatism, and Sarah easily persuaded the widow that her captive would be safe enough all night in the little room.

"And to-morrow," said she, "we'll send over to Milo Beers, and he'll get the constables!"

This was the condition of things when the three Misses Merivale and Araminta Banks came over the next morning, on pretense of bringing some black currant jelly for Mrs. Peeler's cold, and gathering wild grapes in the woods. The widow, being chronically deaf, paid no attention to the greeting and introductions of Araminta, but waved her bonnet in the air, crying out breathlessly:

"Gals, I've got him!"

"Get whom?" cried Araminta and the three Misses Merivale in chorus.

"The bank burglar! Shut up in the little room!" screamed Mrs. Peeler. "And Milo Beers has gone for the constables, and there is a reward of five hundred dollars offered, and if you'll be very careful you can just climb on the wood-pile and peep through the outside slats of the window, to see him!"

Cautiously and with many little shrieks of apprehension, Miss Daisy Merivale and Araminta Banks ascended



"GALS, I'VE GOT HIM!"

the dizzy height of the well-stocked woodpile and peeped through the murky panes of the little window.

"Goodness gracious me!" cried Araminta, nearly falling backward into the kindling-wood with the sudden start she gave. "It's Mr. Wimple! Sitting in a corner, with his hands clasped over his head, exactly like the Prisoner of Chillon!"

"Mr. Wimple!" screeched Miss Merivale, "open the door, somebody, and let him out!" And, after a certain amount of screaming into Mrs. Peeler's ear-trumpet and a series of elaborate entreaties, Mr. Origen Wimple was set free; Milo Beers and the constables were disappointed, and the widow never got the reward.

"I have been treated atrociously!" said the boarder. "I shall never forgive these rustic savages! It's outrageous! It's perfectly brutal!"

"Glad you feel so kindly about it," said the widow, who did not hear a word he said. "For how, in all creation, when you said you was a bank burglar, was I to know that you meant the Banks' boarder? Folks ought to speak more distinctly."

But Mr. Origen Wimple, instead of returning to the Banks' farmhouse, as the three Misses Merivale had fondly expected, packed up his things and went directly back to the city.

"I cannot afford to expose myself to insults like this," he said, with dignity. And, to say the truth, things had happened rather unfortunately! Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

PROTECTING MONEY.

Some of the Safeguards in London Against Bank Robberies.

There is no absolute safety for life or property in this world, but as human ingenuity increases it certainly looks as if bank robbers—robbers from without, at any rate—were finding their inhuman business more and more nearly an impossible one. Of the safeguards of the Bank of England the Manchester Guardian says:

Its outer doors are now so finely balanced that the clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close them instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. This is done by the great and ingenious unemployed of the great metropolis from robbing the famous institution.

The bullion department of this great English banking establishment is nightly submerged in several feet of water by the action of machinery. In some of the London banks the bullion departments are connected with the managers' sleeping rooms, and an entrance cannot be effected without setting off an alarm near this person's head.

If a dishonest official, during day or night, should take even one from a pile of thousand sovereigns, the whole would be instantly sink and a pond of water take its place, besides letting every person in the establishment know of the theft.

"I haven't seen a sole goat out of my door to-day," remarked the complaining shoemaker who didn't believe in sweetening—Yonkers Statesman.

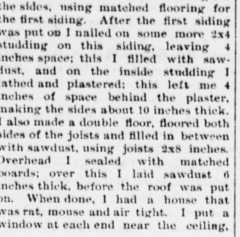
AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

FOR SWEET POTATOES.

A Storehouse That Will Pay for Itself in a Single Season.

In 1890 I commenced to grow sweet potato plants and potatoes. I had to send to Cincinnati for seed. As seed is the spring was always dear, I tried to save my own seed. I tried in various ways, packing them in boxes and barrels, some in sand, some in sawdust and shavings, but had no success. Some would heat and some would chill; I could not hit upon the right temperature, so I concluded to build a potato house for keeping sweet potatoes for seed.

I built a house 12x16 feet, setting it up off the ground the same as a corn crib, to keep the rats and mice out and to have a circulation of air under it; I built it double. I used 2x4 studs for the sides, using matched flooring for the first siding. After the first siding was put on I nailed on some more 2x4 studs on this siding, leaving 4 inches space; this I filled with sawdust, and on the inside studding I lathed and plastered. This left me 4 inches of space behind the plaster, making the sides about 10 inches thick. I also made a double floor, floored both sides of the joists and filled in between with sawdust. I used 2x4 joists. Overhead I sealed with matched boards; over this I laid sawdust 6 inches thick, before the roof was put on. When done, I had a house that was rat, mouse and insect proof. I had a window at each end near the ceiling.



with sliding sash. Also a vent hole up through the roof, with a slide at the bottom to regulate the draft. This was a box tube 4 inches square, with a cap on the top to keep out the rain. The vent was made the same as the slides and fitted tight.

Inside of this house I built a bin 2 1/2 feet from the floor and the size of the inside, lacking 1 foot space around the sides and 1 foot space along the front of the bin. This gives room to get around the bin. The sides of the bin are movable, to accommodate the depth to the amount of potatoes to be put in.

After the potatoes are all in the bin, I let them sweat awhile, and to help dry them out, I put two lighted lamps (bracket lamps, such as they use in stoves for coal oil). These I put under the bin and let them stay eight or ten days, shifting their position every day; then I take them from under the bin and put them in the corner of the room, one in each opposite corner, so as to equalize the heat through the room, changing the lamps to the other corners every day. When the potatoes are done sweating, I cover them over with muslin netting, upon this I put three inches of sawdust or cut straw. This is left on until the potatoes are taken out in the spring.

I hang a thermometer inside, on a level with the top of the bin, changing its position to watch the temperature and keep it even. The temperature must be kept at 45 degrees as near as possible; it must not range below 40 degrees nor above 50 degrees. If the room gets too warm, put out a lamp; if too cold, add another lamp. It is very easy to regulate the temperature with the sawdust and muslin netting, so as to be safe in case of accident. The lamps I trim and fill night and morning. There is no sitting up nights to fire up the large-sized lamps but I burn all night.

Since I adopted this plan I have lost only about 10 per cent, in rot and shrinkage; mostly shrinkage. I tried many ways before I hit upon this plan. The main thing is to have a dry room and even temperature. When it is very cold outside I shut the room up tight. A bin in a room this size will hold from 150 to 200 bushels. I save the medium-sized potatoes for seed and sell the largest—Farm and Fireside.

The cats go in and out of my corn house regularly, but rats cannot. This house was built in the ordinary way, except pieces of plank were nailed on the inner side of the sills between the sleepers on the sides and the outer sleepers laid to touch the end sills. The spaces thus made were filled even full with mortar mixed with brickbats, billets of wood and oyster shells. The floor was then laid to extend out even with the weather boarding. The house was left open until the eaves for ventilation. I soon found that the rats climbed up on the sides of the house and went in under the eaves. To remedy this I nailed a strip of zinc eight inches wide all around the house, under the door and about 10 feet lower than the opening under the eaves. This stopped the rats effectively.—J. B. Donovan, in N. E. Homestead.

This number can cut fatten sheep well is less than those that care for them is general. Good feeders consider that it requires more skill to fatten sheep than hogs.

STOCK-LICE REMEDY.

Preparation and Application of an Excellent Mixture.

Here is a remedy likely to be generally adopted as soon as its merits and the best methods of preparation and application are known. It may be prepared according to the following formula: In two quarts of boiling water dissolve one-fourth pound of good hard soap, remove from the fire, immediately add one pint of kerosene and agitate the mixture violently by running it through a spraying pump with a small nozzle back into the original vessel. In three to five minutes the liquid becomes creamy, and if perfectly made no free kerosene will rise to the surface when it is allowed to stand a few minutes. This free kerosene, if present, is a disadvantage, as when applied to stock it removes the hair, and when applied to plants it kills the foliage.

Of course the quantity of the respective ingredients mentioned in the formula may be multiplied by any number, to make enough emulsion for the work required. It is better to have a supply left on hand for future use. The proportions given are such that one-fifth, or twenty per cent, of the mixture by volume is kerosene (disregarding the soap, which is very sticky to the volume). Before using, this must be greatly diluted.

Add three parts of water to one of emulsion, thus bringing the proportion of kerosene down to five per cent. Excess of kerosene and strings when it is quite cold, and must be used in a warm place. Apply by means of a sponge. It is instant death to the lice, and does not injure the hair at all. A quart is more than sufficient to treat a horse, as it penetrates to the skin very rapidly. Thus the cost of material sinks about out of sight, being nearly three-tenths of a cent for a horse and probably not over one-tenth of a cent for a calf. Almost any spraying pump will make the emulsion. In this connection it is worth while to urge the use of kerosene emulsion for other insects. No more economical or efficient way can be devised to renovate an old horsehouse than to spray the whole inside thoroughly with one part of emulsion to twenty of water. The machine will knock out all the cracks.—Orange Judd Farmer.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

Plenty of dust is a good insecticide for hens.

Give the boys and girls a chance to raise chickens.

Who knows the value of a hen as an insect destroyer?

Turkeys are tender until the feathers are well started.

White fowls always have a lively look in the poultry yard.

There is no better absorbent for the poultry house than plaster.

When there are no bugs and insects for fowls feed a little meat.

Clatter of the guinea scares away hawks and saves the chicks.

Ala mod and no dust or gravel makes lousy and unhealthy chickens.

Feed the chickens early. It is the bird's nature to rise and eat early.

Don't overtax the hen by making her hatch two clutches in succession.

Corn-podders in bags are one of the new fads in market for poultry.

Kerosene oil rightly applied to the henery will send the mites to their long home.

A diet wholly of fat-producing foods is the most growing hard on animal can have.

Overfatness is one of the reasons that are given for hens laying soft-shelled eggs.

If size and hardness is desired in the flock, breed from only the best and most thrifty.

A good layer and breeder may be kept with profit for four years; but the ordinary are best sold early.—American Farmer.

BLUE GRASS SEED.

Description of a Tool Designed for Gathering the Crop.

The hand tool shown in the illustration, Fig. 1, is used largely in Kentucky for gathering blue grass seed. The implement is held in one hand and swung so the teeth forming the bottom will catch the heads of grass. By this means the seed is stripped off and remains in the box, and when full it is emptied by the operation repeated. Fig. 2 shows the bottom on a larger scale. The teeth should be of steel and fastened with screws. After the seed is gathered it is placed in a sack so thoroughly dry, after which the chaff is removed with a flail, tramping or some such method. Or the seed may be placed on a scaffold, exposed to sun and rain, which will cause the chaff to be more easily separated. Where only a small quantity of seed is wanted the blue grass may be mowed with a scythe or mowing machine and given the same treatment as noted above.—Orange Judd Farmer.



BLUE GRASS GATHERER.

Senator Hill at Brooklyn.

I am reminded of the fact that it was in this office upon a memorable occasion in 1853 that I had the honor of expressing to the intrepid Democracy of Kings county the sentiment, "I am a Democrat," and under the existing political situation, I know of no more appropriate place or presence than here to declare that I was a Democrat before the Chicago convention and I am a Democrat still. The National Democratic convention of 1892 has passed into history with its record, its triumphs and its disappointments. The wisdom of its action is not now to be questioned. It was the court of last resort established by party usage as the final arbiter to determine the conflicting interests and claims of candidates, States and sections, and its decision will be accepted with loyal acquiescence by every true and patriotic Democrat who recognizes the necessity of party organization and discipline and respects the obligations which he assumes in its membership. From this time forward imperative duties are imposed upon us. Factional appeals should now cease, the spirit of resentment should be abandoned, State pride should be subordinated to the general good, real or fancied grievances should be dismissed, personal ambition should be sacrificed and individual disappointments should be forgotten in this great emergency which demands from us all the exhibition of a wide-spread and lofty party patriotism.

Permit me to repeat what I had the honor of expressing to the Tammany society on the Fourth of July last, before the echoes of our National convention had scarcely died away, as follows:

"Our course at the present time is plain. In the approaching struggle the Democracy of New York should present a solid front to the common enemy. Loyalty to cardinal Democratic principles, and to regularly nominated candidates, is the supreme duty of the hour." I reiterate those sentiments now. We are entering upon the twenty-seventh Presidential election since the organization of our Government. The good citizen desirous of discharging his full duty in this crisis, according to his conscience and his judgment, unflinching by selfish considerations, will discover two great parties arrayed against each other struggling for the control of the Government and appealing to the people for their suffrages.

Read This Slowly.

Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
I'll take St. Patrick's Pills before I go to bed?

When a mild cathartic is desired, one that will cleanse the whole system and regulate the liver and bowels you can not do better than take St. Patrick's Pills just before going to bed. They do not nauseate nor gripe, and leave the system in splendid condition. For sale by Rose & Jones.

Starved to Death.

In a two room shanty in the suburbs of Bay City, Mich., foul with the gathered filth of weeks, the dead body of Clara Hosmer was found lying on the bed where her helplessly crippled husband had been lying for years. She had been attacked with fever several days ago, and with no one to nurse her had literally, so the physicians say, starved to death. The husband, too, was also in the throes of death from lack of food. He was scarcely able to speak, but said over a week had elapsed since anything passed his lips. He is a veteran of the war, but, in spite of wounds that made him a helpless cripple, has steadily refused to apply for a pension.

Mr. Van Pelt, editor of the Craig (Mo.) Meteor, went to a drug store at Hillsdale, Iowa, and asked the physician in attendance to give him a dose of something for cholera morbus and looseness of the bowels. He says: "I felt so much better the next morning that I concluded to call on the physician and get him to fix me up a supply of the medicine. I was surprised when he handed me a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He says he prescribes it regularly in his practice and finds it the best he can get or prepare. I can testify to its efficiency in my case at all events." For sale by Rose & Jones.

Rose's Two Wives.

Governor Brown's office was the scene of an unusual occurrence one day last week. Two women were seeking the pardon of their joint husband. One was Mrs. Rose, of Louisville, and the other was Mrs. F. E. Rose, of Hamilton, Ohio. They were the wives of the bigamist, T. E. Rose, who was sent from Louisville some months ago for five years. They were introduced to the Governor as Mrs. Rose No. 1 and Mrs. Rose No. 2.

Millions of Frogs.

A pest of frogs seems to have come upon that part of Minnesota including the town of Little Falls. For several weeks past the streets and sidewalks have been covered with them so that it is almost impossible to keep from stepping upon them.

A train on the Little Falls and Dakota road was delayed nearly two hours on account of them. The frogs were so thick on the track that hundreds were crushed, and the wheels slipped. Another peculiar thing in regard to them is that they were all hopping in a north-westerly direction. Hardly a single instance was seen of their going any other way.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A CERTAIN cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetters, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes. For sale by Rose & Jones. oct91

Buried Alive Thirty-six Hours.

Samuel Raver was buried alive for thirty-six hours at Jackson, Mich. He was in the bottom of a thirty-foot well, when quicksand caused the walls to fall upon him. A thousand people assembled to dig him out, but the more they dug the more the sand caved in. Lights were provided, and the work continued at night. At dark on the second day he was reached, terribly crushed but alive. The stones in the well had fallen upon him, forming an arch and giving room to breathe.

Maple Grove Stock Farm.

E. P. Faulconer, of Danville, remarks: "I used your trial box of Quinn's Ointment and took off a curb. Have since used two bottles. It is very satisfactory." Testimonials of this character are surely convincing evidence. For sale by Rose & Jones.

Bob Stratton Killed His Insane Father.

In a secluded section of Graves county, Kentucky, E. Robert Stratton, aged 50 years, and his son Bob got into a quarrel about a set of harness each claimed, and the old man assaulted the boy with a knife. After a slight cut the boy picked up a hoe and struck his father, killing him almost instantly. The old man has been in the insane asylum, and was considered dangerous. The boy surrendered to the county authorities. There were no witnesses to the murder.

A carpenter by the name of M. S. Powers fell from the roof of a house in East Des Moines, Iowa, and sustained a painful and serious sprain of the wrist which he cured with one bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. He says it is worth \$5 a bottle. It cost him 50 cents. For sale by Rose & Jones.

The Difference in Who Tells It.

The Republican organs are grinding to the keynote sounded by the President in his letter, when he painted the prosperity which has followed the extension of free trade through the provisions of the McKinley bill, while declaring in the same letter that an extension of free trade by the Democrats would "plunge the country into a business convulsion, such as it has never seen." This time, when played by the McKinleyites, is called "Climbin' de Golden Stairs," but when played by the revenue reformers is known as the "Tune the Old Cow Died Of."—Carrier Journal.

A Guaranteed Remedy.

Megrimine, the only permanent cure for all forms of headache and neuralgia, relieves the pain in from 15 to 20 minutes. For sale on positive guarantee at THE HERALD office, or sent postpaid by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents a box.

Monsters Britton Captured.

M. M. Britton, who so cowardly assassinated Daniel Norfleet, in Pulaski county, Kentucky, about two weeks ago, has been captured. He was captured Wednesday week by a posse and is now in the Pulaski county jail. The evidence against him is positive. There is much excitement and indignation is strong, so much so that there is great likelihood of a lynching. Tom Scott is also locked up for giving Britton the gun with which the deed was committed.

Lane's Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary.

Counterfeit Money Found.

A farmer found \$150 in spurious coin along the railroad north of Tipton, Ind. It was poorly executed and had evidently been dropped from a night train. The money was in halves, quarters and dimes.

Coughing leads to consumption. Kemp's Balsam stops the cough at once.

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A Happy Orphan.

XII

KRONEN CO., Ky., Oct. 8, '90.

In our orphan asylum here there is a 15-year-old child that had been suffering for years from nervousness to such an extent that she often in the night got up, and with fear depicted on every feature and in a delirious condition, would seek protection among the older people from an imaginary pursuer, and could only with great difficulty be again put to bed. Last year, Rev. Koenig, while on a visit here, happened to observe the child, and advised the use of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and kindly furnished us several bottles of it. The first bottle showed a marked improvement, and after using the second bottle and up to the present time the child is a happy and contented being. All those suffering from nervousness should seek refuge in Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic.

REV. K. HILLMAN, Sec. John's Asylum.

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